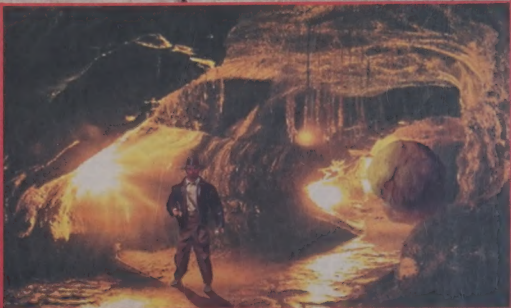


# DAGLIGHTALE

and the ISSUE OF DOOM

## Table of Contents

Page 1	stuff
Page 2	more stuff
Page 3	yeah... some stuff
Page 4	nothing... just kidding there's stuff
Page 5	stuff with stuff
Page 6	On the Road
Page 7	Travel Stuff
Page 8	Campus Mtn. stuff
Page 9	Stuff that's On the Road
Page 10	Some stuff
Page 11	God I hate writing table of contents
Page 12	That's the last page if you can't count



Our Hero (Pumo) in the Caverns of Doom where the Master key of Freshmen resides.

## Some Words From Our Hero

In case you're wondering, this is the travel issue. I myself just came back from an adventure into the heart of Egypt to search for the Master Key of Freshmen. This treasure is prized among most men and said to be hidden in the Forgotten Temple of Al Cord-Nator.

I came back after spending the day in the library to find my house turned upside down, my walls broken and my beer stolen. Two thoughts came to mind that made my stomach turn: either I just missed a wicked party or someone was looking for my Stash of Babyduck. This was a good enough reason to take that flight to Egypt - I heard they have some wicked parties there. On the plane I was tricked into playing drinking games with a loud-mouthed Mexican named Senor Santoro. I knew he meant to steal my maps, so after drinking him under the table, I took his wallet and passport and left him to the mercy of Egyptian Customs. After landing I met up with Mikael, a Native Egyptian who always

wears a purse. Yeah, it was real creepy so I distanced myself from him. It turned out that he was just another drunk and had no real business in this story. The other character I met up with was Dave Blackney who - although mentally unstable - proved to be a good companion. When we realized we needed funds it took us no time to break into the local bank and proceeded to thrash. It was deadly.

After getting back on track we changed course and headed to the Temple of Al Cord-Nator and had a run in with Fraulein Lyseng who we abducted for ransom. God, I love Vienna. On the steps of the temple I found myself battling my arch enemy, Brad Von Heron from Castle Liechtenstein; who wished to bring this Master Key back to his Fuhrer. In the end I was victorious over Von Heron but alas the key fell down a crack into oblivion. But not all was lost, there in the treasure vaults we found the Crowbar of Opening which too was prized. So I returned to continue my studies of archeology.



## ADVENTURE HAT OF THE MONTH

"No adventurer is complete without a Fedora."

-JON

"Goat's girlfriend really digs it."

-PUMO

the adventure issue of the dag is in no way affiliated with George Lucas, Stephen Spielberg, Harrison Ford, the state of Indiana or any locations mentioned herein- basically, any likeness to anything real is purely coincidental and should be taken as such. there, you have officially been disclaimed. or something. -jenny

PRESENTING  
YOUR EDITORS

Fraulein Lyseng

INDI-PUMO-ANA

## the dead world

By Jonathan Friesen

## we live in

You get up in the morning, have coffee, breakfast, maybe read the paper, then it's off to work. After a good eight hours of work, not counting breaks, lunch and travel time; you have dinner, watch some TV, head to bed. Sure we have weekends, and two weeks of vacation time. Work all our lives so that we can retire at 60. That sounds kinda shitty to me. My best scenario, I'm dead by 75. So my question is why do we want to spend all our lives working and then retire at 60 or 65 to a worn out, broken body? Sure a nice job with money is great, but I'd much rather be living on a beach in the South Pacific eating fish and coconuts, robbing tourists, and surfing. Saying "nothing is free" is just for all the capitalist suckers who only care about materialistic items, who over consume, and suck the Earth dry just so they can have a nice big empty house to come home to every night and pay 68 cents a liter for their BMW or SUV. What happened to just living it up? Not having to care about money? What happened to jumping in Tim Horton's dumpster at midnight to snag a bag full of donuts and bagels? What happened to living in a sketchy basement for under 100/month? Work all my life, yeah right. Someday we'll meet on a beach in the tropics, the only difference is that I live there 24/7 and you're just on your 2 week holiday. Go for it, take all that property to the grave. In 100 years you'll just be another dead relative, no matter how much money you had. Haha...Suckers.

Nothing's  
Free...  
Suckers

## Some Negativity from Pumo

Watch out boys the law's in town. Augustana has put together a crack team of RAs to form a elite security force. Well that's partly true, they're on crack. I'm getting the vibe that some of these RA feel that they are the Campus Police. God, why don't you give these guys a badge and a gun. I took the time to look up the meaning of "RA" in the Dagligtale Dictionary and was stunned to find that RA mean Rez. Assistant. If I get another RA trying to search me on my way to campus I swear to God I'll knock their teeth out. You're not a cop, you're job is to shlt on the punks that get too rowdy, get mad at dudes who have a hot-plate running, or being noisy. Maybe bust the odd kid with booze. Here a reality check, you're not special, your not extra ordinary, you're just as dumb as everyone else. Maybe you thought you could gain some respect from freshmen being a RA. Yeah right, if you're a moron to start with, a master key, a citation slip and free phone doesn't make you superman. Here's another reality check, you're not going to get fired if you let people off the hook, the work it takes to have you move out, move another RA in and takeover it way too much work. And if they are going to do that, well then maybe it was a mistake being a RA. Flipping out over posters for parties is a little much. Get over it, it's collage. Get a life. Try mellowing out and enjoying being a RA, not pissing on everyone that you can. Checking as many boxes as you can on a citation sheet is not cool. Hey. Robo Cop, chill.



## PARTY NEWS

Thanks to all the people who came to the *Chad and Pumo Century Party*. Thanks to the people who stole my beer, broke my walls, spilt my beer all over my living room, and for that guy who passed out on my couch with marker all over his face. Thanks to the people who came and helped clean up.

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ornament

sports editor

advertising co-ordinator

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mr. alex

The thoughts and ideas within this paper are in no way represented or endorsed by the SA or Augustana University College, but unless I get some better equipment, like a new & \$500 computer this could all change. Please point your complaints to Cindy in F 201. She'll be happy to deal with you. If you dislike the editors, chew on a piece of dry shit, it'll make you feel better. Ha Ha! Suckers!



## Take a Fresh Look at Newman!

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# Midnight traffic jam and the GOD \$

By Sarah Holmes

May 03 Within the realm of traveling and the all so famous Rural Development Exchange I have a few stories to share. This is one in particular I have chosen to tell. OH, in passing the RDX is looking for more participants so if you want to have experiences like this come and talk to myself or Kierstin Hatt. Trust me stuff like this couldn't happen in Canada. This adventure begins with Derek and Sarah trying to leave a beautiful town called Tulum in Quintana Roo on the Caribbean Sea in Mexico. After staying in a beautiful hut on the beach with the warm ocean only 20 meters away for a whole week, it was time to move and continue traveling around the South East parts of Mexico. Next destination, Palenque, an amazing city in the jungle of Chiapas. I am sick, and we are carrying this stupid water cooler container around going in the exact opposite direction of the bus station which should take us on our way out of Tulum. We are walking in the other direction because we: a) have been told that there are no seats available for the bus and to come back later and b) are trying to get some sort of deposit back from this stupid blue water jug. I'm tired, getting sick, it's hot and muggy, a change being inland from being right on the coast for a week. My backpack is full and heavy, Derek is hot and sweaty and equally frustrated that we don't have bus tickets yet and are unable to get rid of this burden. Both of us can't just abandon the blue thing on principle that we should get a deposit

somewhere and we both can't stand to leave plastic garbage in the street. While we are walking away from the bus station I send out a quick short prayer to the effect of "God I'm really not feeling well and am short on patience right now, help me be patient with Derek and help us out a little, maybe just a person who will take this water jug and someone who will let us hitch back up to the bus station where there will be two tickets out of here for us." We get to a grocery store and they give us a few bucks, a reduced deposit, and take this thing off our hands. This is great because we didn't get the water from there and so probably shouldn't have gotten our 'deposit' back. I'm sitting in the sparse shade while Derek gets rid of the jug and comes back, then he goes back into the store with the idea of getting some food to take on the bus that we hope to take. And some Sprite or 7up for me. A few drunken men are startin to take an interest in me and I'm really not in the mood to be pleasant, thankfully Derek comes back in time so I don't have to chat or tell off these old guys and Derek and I continue our trudge in the heat and humidity back up to the bus station. Derek shuffles the bag of provisions he has purchased and steps off the curb, from all I can tell he has dropped something and picks it back up. I ask what it was and he says "I'll tell you later in a low tone, I'm confused. We get to the bus station and he tells me that it is a plastic baggie and had seen a 100 dollar bill U.S. in it and picked it up. He is itching to

check inside the baggie, but it is very open in this station so he goes to the bathroom and comes out with a disbelieving look on his face. \$370 or so dollars U.S. Some of it in U.S. dollars, some in Pesos, I can't believe it either, with the cash in this clear plastic baggie is no personal identification only a bank receipt without an account number. WOW. As well the teller at the station says that she has two seats on the bus that is leaving next, we should arrive in Palenque at about 2 in the morning. This is great! I'm still sick but we found a bunch of money, which helped significantly as we were both students and the week in Tulum cost more than we budgeted for. We feel we are in a better position to continue the last two weeks of our travels without calling home. The bus comes we jump on it and are off to the jungle and incredible ruins, huge waterfalls and blue water. We settle into our seats as comfortably as a 7 hour overnight bus ride can be and off we go. Afecta movie and

some interrupted sleep the bus stops in the middle of the road in a long line of traffic. After about an hour and a half of waiting and listening for some explanation of how long we will be here and what has happened, we figure out that a truck containing explosive materials has flipped and is getting cleaned up before we can continue. We go outside. The air is fresher out there and watching the police trucks drive up and down the other traffic lane we expect to be here a while. Since we are not on the bus and I have the opportunity to go in a non-moving state I take advantage of the bushes as well as the side of the road when I let go of some of my sickness to the ditch. People walk up and down the road, anxious about not moving anywhere, one memorable group being a bunch of guerra's complaining about the time being lost that could have been better spent drinking margaritas, not the nicest thing to think about whilst puking in the bushes. The line of vehicles large and small extend as far as I can see behind us and just as far in front of us. We wait and

wait, people fall asleep on the road in front and beside of the motionless road warriors. We wait. Derek sleeps upon his pillow of Lonely Planet Mexico. It is easy to stretch out on the road and I roll over and puke again not caring to move to the ditch when the middle of the road is much more accessible at the moment. The fearless road warriors fire up again and weary bodies pile back onto the transport, happy to be in motion again, but realizing that we could have been almost there if it had not been for this unseen event. We arrive in Palenque at 6am, four hours later than expected, where the city is waking up upon our arrival. Tired, sick, with some God money in our pockets we check our e-mail, hail a combi and head to El Panchan a type of hippy village where we hope to stay at. We find a place to stay and return to the city to find a doctor for myself. I need medicine. Within the two-tiered medical system I am a little concerned about the hospital, and for my ability to explain what the problem is in Spanish. However that is a whole other travel adventure story. Through this even I realize that sometimes God takes a while to answer prayers or they can happen quite quickly. But I also found out that God can use Interac. Sarah Holmes.

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## 5A PAGE.....

Thanks to all volunteers and security who worked at Second Class Bash!

## Club Fair

February 3, 2004

TIME? 7pm to 8 pm

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Come check out the clubs on campus!



## TRAVEL

By Ardythe Harder

In one of his songs, Sam Roberts, asks, "Montreal to Hong Kong/ Where have all the good people gone?" On my trip to Egypt with Matya I found many answers to that question.

One of the first of the good people, however, was here in Camrose. I met an international student from Cairo at Augustana, and he told me some things about his home and he also gave me his sister's phone number. Hesham said she would be willing to meet us and show us around on the first days after our arrival, and he was right. Suha agreed to take us to the Al-Qal'a, or Citadel, in Cairo. She helped us find a place to exchange money, and argued prices and rates for us. After she saw the questionable state of our hostel, she also invited us to stay at her house until we could join our tour group. When I started

feeling a little off (the pharaoh's revenge) she and her family looked after me. They drove us to where we needed to meet our tour, and also opened their home to us when we returned to Cairo for one night after the tour. Their's was the best example of hospitality I have ever seen, not the least because it was towards total strangers. I am deeply grateful for the opportunity to meet Suha and to experience such openness. I can now count her as a good friend.

After so much outpouring of humanity from the Egyptian people I was wondering why my experience in western culture had fewer instances of this type of generosity. Then I met with the people on the tour. The tour was made up of 25 people from commonwealth countries. Matya and I were by far the youngest on the tour, and we were ill on the first day. I guess parental instincts went into overdrive and all 25 adopted us. Our tour leader was especially great. She

looked after us extremely well. She definitely went beyond the call of duty in caring for us. Without these people we would have felt even worse than we did. Even after we recovered, the company was excellent.

But aside from illness, the tour did not go flawlessly. The worst crisis, and the best example of the kindness shown by the group occurred at Yolanda Bay, in Ras Mohammed National Park. We were snorkeling along a coral-reef in the Red Sea, outside of the relative safety of the bay. The water was warm and there were plenty of fascinating and beautiful fish. We started by swimming into the current so we would have it to help us on the way back. Suddenly the current reversed, grew stronger, and we got caught in it. Our local guide disappeared and we really didn't know what to do. Five from our group had their life-guard training, and they

took over immediately, trying to get everyone safely back to shore. The third Canadian in the group, Norman, was a very weak swimmer. He sank, and then went into shock. One person, thankfully, was quick enough to pull him back to the surface and dragged him into shore. We all made it back to shore, including the guide, exhausted, but safe. And we lived to swim and snorkel another day. The very next, in fact.

One last story from Cairo is most memorable of my experience. Suha took me out for a walk around her neighborhood at night, and eventually we both noticed a man following us. It got to the point where we became worried. Suha knew what to do much better than I. She hailed a taxi to drive us just around a corner. Later she translated the conversation held in Arabic with the driver.

Suha had asked how much we owed him, and he replied that he was not allowed to take money for such a short dis-

tance. She gave him a tip, and explained that we had hailed him down because some guy had been bothering us.

"It's no wonder you are attracting attention," the driver told her. "You are angels in the street."

"The street is full of angels," Suha replied.

On the entire trip complete strangers were looking out for us, proving that the "good people" are actually out there, even though we sometimes wonder. Thinking about them, I can stand up and echo what Norman said at the end of our tour. "I have never lost my faith in humanity. This incident has served to reaffirm it." I also know that you don't have to go half way around the world to meet generous and kind people. They are right here, too. However, the travel bug has got its teeth firmly in me, and for my next trip...

*Did You Know...  
the longest word typed  
entirely with the left  
hand is stewardesses.*

## Oh The Places The SA Has Sent Me...and other ramblings of the VP External

-by Shauna Littlefair

Being an executive on the Students Association sure has its travel benefits. Why, just this New Years I was sent to Puerto Vallarta for a week for a conference. So, I'd just like to take this opportunity to thank all the students at AUC for paying for my trip-I had a blast.

Ok, so not all of that statement is true. Yes, I did go to Puerto Vallarta for New Years, yes I did have a blast, but no, the SA didn't pay. If you are planning to go to Mexico, and it is not for the Rural Development exchange, I encourage you to go to Puerto Vallarta. And while you are

there, if you are looking for a thrill between tanning bouts on the sandy beaches of Mexico, I suggest you take a bus down town. That's right the bus. But, not just any bus, the blue bus. It will take you where you want to go, and if you're lucky it will get you there in one piece. When you get on, you will notice that there are far too many people on the bus, you have to stand, and you can't help but fall into other people as the bus departs. Each bus is uniquely decorated on the inside with multi-colored cloth and beads to reflect the personality of the bus driver, which is

someone who drives very fast and with reckless abandon. But just when you think you've got the whole system figured out, you are holding on for your life with both hand, with your feet firmly planted between the feet of someone else, a guy at the back will start busking. The bus costs 4 pesos, that's about 55 cents Canadian. It's a cheap thrill but when that bus takes off, driving between parked cars, cutting cars off, going up and down narrow streets on a hill to the point that you think the bus is going to fall over you'll be glad you took the

bus. Puerto Vallarta: it was hot, it was sunny, there were dolphins and whales, and the buses were as fun as a roller coaster.

Although the SA didn't send me to Puerto Vallarta, they have sent me to other exotic locations. For instance, just last November all four execs piled in Jeremy's car and we drove to beautiful Fort McMurray! Yes, that's right, ACTISEC conferences are held in the greatest of locations. That is the furthest north in Canada I have ever been. *Is that sad?* Do you know in Fort McMurray gas is 86.9? We do. If you are in Fort McMurray I suggest you go to visit the

Keyano College, the 5 story residence building is bright purple. Could you image that on our campus? Freshman painted sea-foam green, Faith & Life accented in yellow, Old Main, baby blue...wait a minute...

Anyway, where else has the SA sent me you may ask? Lets see, Lethbridge, Red Deer, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Edmonton, and in 2 weeks we're going to Olds. The life of an executive is an exciting one. There is actually an opportunity for the executive to go to a CASA conference in Winnipeg in May, but this is my final term as a VP so alas, I will not be able to attend, but maybe one of you could?

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Due to the fact our DAG budget is so small, we can only put out one paper a month. We found out this too late, so therefore there won't be a daglightale Sex Issue. If you're upset about this, talk to you stupid SA Rep or one of your drunken Student Council dudes. Looks like we won't have the sexiest prof. of the year. Too bad Paula.

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## GET OUT

## While You Still Can

A travel issue of the student newspaper? Seems a little impractical. I mean, we're all stuck here for at least the next few months, most of us are strapped for cash and starting to realize that "Real Life" is just around the bend, and the whole travel bug thing is just so clichéd, anyway (cue the snotty grad student with a glass of cheap port sniffing and saying "Yeeees, after my undergrad degree, I hopped around a bit - you know, saw the world, blahblahpretentiousblah"). But there's a problem with being lazy and cynical enough to squash the urge to GET OUT for a while. You miss out on a lot. Travelling is escapist and often dangerous and stressful and expensive, but dammit, it's FUN! Well, it can be. It just takes a little effort. So we thought we'd give you some suggestions for low income high fun content travel. Enjoy, and remember: When in Rome...

## On The Road

hitchhiking advice from your intrepid editor, jenny

If you wanna go cheap, there's no better way than to hitchhike. Now, say that to your mom and you're in for at least half an hour (and in my case, three years) of worried looks and precautionary tales. Just say, "when you were growing up, people hitched rides everywhere, mom!". Her response will likely be something to the extent of "the world was a safer, more trusting place when I grew up." I call bullshit. The world is the world, terrorists and strangers with candy and all the other parental nightmares have always been around. If you're really worried about these things and don't feel comfortable with strangers, or if you are a control freak with a strict time schedule, then hitchhiking is not for you. If, however, you're willing to take a risk and wish to meet some interesting and truly generous people while seeing a bit of the country (or the whole damn thing, if you're up for it) then give it a thought. There are some general "rules" to hitchhiking that you should get comfortable with - they'll make your trip a lot easier and when you're spending an exhausting amount of time as a vagabond, easier is definitely better. Hitchhiking in pairs is really a great way to go. It gives you two sets of instincts working on reading the rides as well as someone to

help fight off any unwanted advances. A good rule is that if either of you are uncomfortable with a ride, don't accept it. Even if it means waiting for hours for another ride. Go with your gut, here.

A guy-girl pairing is the most likely to get picked up. One or two guys on the side of the road is sketchy and threatening, and there are stories where a girl hitcher presses sexual harassment charges in order to pick up some extra cash, so male drivers are usually a little cautious about picking them up. More than two people are difficult to fit into a car, what with the cumbersome backpacks you'll be carrying. So get a traveling buddy and pack as light as you can. When you're standing on the side of the road (preferably, of course, in daylight hours), general rules include never wearing a baseball cap, dark shades, excessively baggy clothing or anything else that might make it look like you're trying to hide your identity. Going shirtless if you're a guy is probably going to keep you from getting rides from families. Same goes for girls, although you would increase your chances of finding a really creepy ride.

So you wait for a ride, and you wait...and you wait. This is one of the amazing things about hitchhiking. There's really no reason that you should expect to EVER get a ride - but once you're in

it, you just have to have faith. It's fantastic, really. You really do learn to appreciate the kindness of strangers.

Try to position yourself just after an on-ramp or somewhere with really large shoulders, to give people ample opportunity to stop for you. Don't stand on the road - keep some distance between you and passing cars. Face oncoming traffic, stick your thumb out and keep your eyes open. Once you get picked up (and you WILL get picked up), follow the driver's cue for conversation. Usually they've stopped cause they want some company on their drive, so don't clam up now. This is really your opportunity to share life stories with a complete stranger - to hear and give a slice of Real Life from a new perspective.

Know where you want to go and a couple routes to get there. Take along some cash and offer to pitch a bit for gas or buy popsicles if someone takes you a long way. Make sure to give yourself at least twice the amount of travel time it'd take to get to your destination if you were driving straight there - and have enough funds for camping or motel accommodations in case you get stuck overnight somewhere. And just RELAX. When you're hitchhiking, like in life, the journey is the important part. Have fun & be safe!

## GREAT BIG

## Northern Alberta Tour

Here's the ultimate in dorky road trips for the first days of spring...I know, they seem like a long way off but a dag editor's gotta dream. When this bloody snowglobe starts to melt, grab a car, some candy, a camera, some travelling tunes (see the entertainment page for suggestions!) and a few of your bestest buds and hit the highway. Betcha didn't know we had a UFO landing pad in Alberta, huh. Check out [travelalberta.com](http://travelalberta.com) for maps and some more great suggestions for things to do while you're in the province. Dorky IS the new cool.

Start with the freakily phallic giant sausage in Mundare off Hwy 16; head north on Sec. Hwy 855 to see Andrew's big ol' Mallard Duck (and a play in the kids park it's in!); then drive east on Hwy 45 till you reach Sec. Hwy 831, turn north to the Victoria Trail (just across the river), then travel east to see the RCMP Memorial Statue; continue onward to Sec. Hwy 855, head north through Smoky Lake and go east on Hwy 28 to Vilna to see the giant (magic?) Mushrooms; drive east on Hwy 28A to the turn off to Glendon to see (not the biggest, I'm told, but pretty damn big) Perogy; now return to Hwy 28A, go west to Sec. Hwy 881 and then go south to St. Paul to see the UFO Landing Pad (no shit); drive east on Hwy 28 to the turnoff to Hwy 41, south to Elk Point to see Peter Fidler; afterwards drive southeast on Sec. Hwy 646 to Dewberry to see the Chuckwagon; continue south towards Hwy 16, head east to Lloydminster to see the Sundial and return west on Hwy 16 to Vegreville to see the Pysanka (that's an Easter egg, for the Ukrainian initiate). Don't forget to pick up postcards at each stop and send them to your parents to show them how much Culture you're getting.



**Tips for Hitching:** Try not to look scary. Don't accept rides from people who scare you. Forget about any sort of time schedule. And, like showering, it's best with a buddy.





## INDIA TOUR 2004

Interested in seeing India? there's a course being offered RIGHT NOW through which you can do precisely that! at \$4000 (plus the cost of shots and souvenirs), it's not exactly cheap, but you've got the security of knowing you're in good hands for the three weeks you're there. It's not too late! Contact Dr. Manaloor (M305) or Dr. Waschenfelder (N115) ASAP if you're interested!



## A Word On Camping by Brad Heron

Camping, for the cheap traveler, is often the only form of accommodation that will be considered. However, if you are anywhere near as cheap as me you will have a hard time justifying paying up to \$22 for a piece of dirt that ruins your tent pegs. So what is to be done? You can't stay in a hotel - you're cheap, remember? As you ponder this the sun begins to set and you find yourself in a real bind. Suddenly it occurs to you that the piece of dirt you are about to pay for is actually less suitable than the very free piece of dirt 200 meters into the bush. I know what your thinking and I say why not? it's a perfectly reasonable thing to do, if you follow a few guidelines. First of all, if you are in a National Park you have to realize that the thing you are about to do is illegal. And if caught you face not only a fine, but a court appearance, and are subsequently banned from all National Parks. I know this. Secondly, you have to realize that your position on the food chain is about to become much more important than it has ever been. Proper precautions are necessary & if you don't know what these precautions are, it's time to put your money down. Once you have come to grips with these cruel realities grab your bread crumbs and head into the bush, you're almost ready. Finally, and this is a big one: try not to get caught, because there will be people looking for you.

If you are planning to stay more than one night it's best to pack up your tent during the day and stash your things where they can't be seen. If you do this everyday the possibility of getting caught is very small, unless you do something stupid like start a fire. If you're lazy and don't move your tent you will get caught. But the game isn't over. You have one last card to play. The warden who visits your tent in the middle of the night is just like you. He has a great respect for the environment and doesn't really want to fine a single camper. Especially when Billy Bob and his RV are ruining the environment on a scale that you can't compete with. So with any luck your campsite is impeccably clean, and the warden is in a good mood. Remember, though, the longer you stay, the greater the possibility of getting caught. Now, you may feel a little guilty - you may feel like you should support the Parks service...or something. It's okay - you can get around this. Just think of your broken tent pegs. If you're not in a National Park you have much less to worry about. Public land is yours to use, the side of the road always comes through in a pinch, and that farmer probably won't care, unless you kill one of his sheep...

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## Scared Yet?

by Jenny

If you want to experience travel but are overwhelmed by all the planning and possible mishaps that could happen along the way - it's OK. I'm a reformed scaredy-cat myself, and there are plenty of travel packages and tours available

for youths with some money to burn - All-inclusives make wonderful vacations. They usually include all meals and drinks as well as some activities, and if you've got a well-defined budget, it's possible to not spend any money outside of the original fee. Be forewarned, however - "all-inclusive" is not necessarily, well, all-inclusive. Read the fine print before you sign on to any tour, and make sure to get the contact number of your tour guide and their supervisor. Take advantage of what you're paying for, but try and break from the tour once in while, just to keep a grip on reality. Inject a little currency into the local economy by going out for dinner at a mom and pop shop or buying handmade stuff from locals instead of the usual silk screened t-shirts and funny-white-tourist hats (no one wants a giant anything to put on their head when you get back to Alberta). Once you've gotten the hang of being a stranger (and a target market) in a foreign land, give some of our crazy hippie-esque travel suggestions a try - even in your own backyard! Canada's an amazing place to explore. Open your eyes to the possibility of a different way to travel - question what an authentic experience of a culture is and try and figure out your own way to get that experience.

### Do:

- keep a clean camp
- hide your stuff well
- be respectful

### Don't

- Start fires
- make a mess
- get caught or show on an app

## DID YOU KNOW?

Alberta boasts both the lowest minimum wage and the highest average tuition prices for post-secondary education in the country...still better than America, but Ralph's working on that...

## The Cosmo Lie:

a Culture of Self-Loathing  
the stupidity of Cosmo

**"Are you satisfied?"**  
That ever faithful line echoes to them from inside the covers of a Cosmo magazine on a page accompanied by a very fit man and a very thin woman with about 500 yellow and red pills spilling from a large plastic container. Apparently for me to be satisfied in my life I need these pills. This pill apparently will give me satisfaction, increased energy and it will control my appetite. Well the only thing that I can think of that comes from a bottle and gives satisfaction is viagra, but luckily I'm young enough that any partner that I have or may have would not need it. The amazing ability of a woman's magazine to ensnare the reader in a web of lies with lines like "a fun fearless female doesn't feel guilty after eating a five course meal." At the same time displaying weight loss articles about the unhappy 40 pounds overweight, unmarried, unloved, ugly woman who lost 60 and suddenly found true love and was miraculously cured of the "horrid disease of ugliness". This too is a lie. The advertisers, along with magazine writers and editors, all have created this myth that you are ugly if you are obese,

sold you the line that you are not good enough as you are without them. You bought it, someone said hey ugly this will make you "Hot" and all the boys will like you. They sold it to you probably when you were twelve or thirteen and you bought it the product and the lie. Remember when you were nine and played in the sand box, played with dolls, and dress ups, pretended you were a princess, you thought and knew you were great. You were the king of the castle jumping on furniture pretending to be he-man, you didn't know how much you weighed and you only looked at yourself in the mirror when you got out of the bath or were talking to yourself. Looking in the mirror was innocent. Then one day you heard it, *Fatty Fatty Fat Fat*, I can wear makeup now, Johnnies my boyfriend, I weigh 75lbs how much do you weigh? Suddenly you are aware and looking in the mirror isn't innocent anymore. It's an assault on ever part of your body that you can see with the naked eye. No more are you the king, the he-man, the princess warrior of the sandbox, you're disgusting! You're only thirteen and your precious tiger beat, YM and Teen, tell you how to style your hair so Billie will love you (ironically Billie, who

is also thirteen, is still playing out back with his buddies). There's a big breasted girl in your class who you are immensely jealous of and who all the boys tease. A few years later, nobody teases anyone about their breasts; they are something to be desired. No, teasing moves to other regions. We all know where this goes. The feeling of inadequacy, that feeling that you're not good enough was fed by magazines, movies, commercials; everything in pop culture feeds it and sustains it. Every month the new Cosmo asks you if you feel adequate then tells you that you should be, but turns on you and tells you exactly the reasons why you shouldn't feel adequate. The most current Cosmo is out, it's all about valentines day, it starts out by telling you why women need men, why single women don't need men, then continues to rub into your face that you don't have a man and this is probably why, it's definitely your teeth, the one second from the left, nasty little bugger if you could only file it. So I guess my question is, if we know and say that Cosmo type magazines are just a joke and garbage, then

why do they have such an effect on our very essence; if we know they make us feel inadequate, why do we read them? We've bought into it; they've sold us a lie that we cultivate by going back for more. Every time you pick it up you are infected even more. They bandage the wound they created in your back only to stab you in the kidney. So the logical reason is to not buy it! Don't buy into the deceitfulness, the lies. Step back from it all and find "entertainment" elsewhere, find your worth from within not from some advertiser who doesn't know you. I flip through my roommates Cosmo and shake my head; everywhere I look I see lies (all thanks to Tim Parker of course) in their "scientific" descriptions of neurotransmitters for love. I see the stupidity in their article called "Are men becoming obsolete?" that I couldn't even begin to finish or think about coherently because it was so ridiculous with regards to women's equality. (I can only imagine what Kerstin Hatt or Yvonne Becker would say). I believe that my search for higher education and attempts at becoming a critically thinking "WHY asking" human being are finally coming through. I actually have learned something and it only took 4 years of top notch education to do it.

Whatever Happened  
To Bill?

by Shauna Littlefair, VP External

Learning Minister Lyle Oberg successfully passed Bill 43 for third reading in December '03. Despite efforts of the student lobby, and those of the two opposition parties, the bill passed without a tuition cap. The climate under this new Act will continue to allow institutions to increase tuition by annual controlled limits without a maximum limit on the amount of tuition revenue an institution can generate in relation to its net operations expenditures. Before, only 30% of an institutions budget could come from tuition, but thanks to Bill 43, there is no cap on that amount. Tuition can increase in the academic year 2004/05 by a maximum of \$276. In the subsequent years the maximum allowable increase (\$276) will be adjusted by the Alberta Consumer Price Index (rising cost of living).

What does this mean for AUC, technically we are not included in Bill 43, well not yet. The Transition committee at AUC just announced that the new transition date for AUC to U of A is July 1<sup>st</sup>, so come July 1<sup>st</sup>, this Bill is our Bill, and our tuition is fair game. So what's the good news? A major success of the student lobby effort (by ACTISEC and CAUS) has been required student input and consultations in the institutional budgeting process concerning tuition fees. Also, Students' Associations have retained their bylaw making powers and

assurances SA's accountability primarily rests with student members. That is good news, it means that they aren't going to try and get rid of SA's with no basis, but you really never know. What I'd really like to know is if they are going to allow tuition to increase every year, at an only semi regulated rate, how are they going to compensate for students not making more money? Are we looking at increased student loans? Increased minimum wage? Increased base funding for institutions so they don't have to raise tuition to stay a float? Who knows, but you know the Alberta Government, they put the FU in FUNDING.

## CAMPUS MINISTRY

Well here I am again, It's me J-M with another fantabulous Campus min report! I guess first off I'll have to let you know about some upcoming events so let's start. On the 30<sup>th</sup> there will be JAM!! It will be from 10-12pm as usual and there will be a CLBI drime, thats Drama and mime for those of you not in the know. We will be leading worship at Rosealta and Stoney creek at 5:30 and 6:15 on February 8<sup>th</sup>. Find your way on out to join us. As always there is soup suppers at 5:00 every Tuesday come and have some soup as well as great conversation and company. Chapel times are still 10:00-10:30

Every Monday Wednesday, and Friday and everyone is more then welcome to participate and join us. And of course have some fabulous chapel snacks after. Just as a reminder our Student chaplains are Colin, Diane, Dana, Elizabeth, and me Mr. Dressup...I mean J-M. We are of course headed by our fearless leader, Robin Simpson-Mohr, and we have Craig Wentland as our on-campus pastor. By this point we will have already gone on Campus min retreat So I'm just going to go ahead and say that you all should have been there, you missed out an awesome time and the pie fight was great.

A message from the government of  
Alberta:

**Alberta**  
GOVERNMENT OF ALBERTA  
"58¢ THE ENVIRONMENT"



## Fear and Loathing in Saskatoon

by Brad Heron

I was sitting in my underwear playing Nintendo when my secretary, Fraulein Jenny, informed me of the situation. I was to travel to Saskatoon to attend a Philosophy conference. Why, I wasn't quite sure, but it seemed clear to me what I had to do. So I packed a bag (only the essentials of course) and prepared for the unknown. I am not a philosophy major or minor, in fact I have never taken a philosophy course in my life. So my assignment to cover this event seemed odd, wouldn't somebody with a better knowledge of philosophy be more suitable? In response to this question I decided to take my secretary. As a philosophy Minor, she *might* come in handy. There was only one

thing I was sure of about the weekend, and that was that Craig Mackie would be there. Maybe he would have some answers. It was an ominous assignment with overtones of extreme personal danger. But I felt up to the task, so on the afternoon of the 23<sup>rd</sup> we exited Camrose in search of a philosophical awakening... or something. We arrived at the University of Saskatchewan just in time to see the keynote speaker give an uninspired lecture about something that was old news two years ago. And on top of that he was from Toronto. A major oversight, I thought, on the part of the event organizers seeing as it was a prairie provinces philosophy conference. The rest of the night went well, we had a drink and went to sleep. The next day was interesting, with the highlight being Craig presenting his thesis on

the development of self. A few of the other lecture titles were "A Phenomenological Account for Morality", "A feminist Approach to In Vitro Fertilization", and "Expressivist Objections to Computational Models of Intelligence". I took from these lectures as much as I could with my meager general knowledge, and upon discussion believe that I managed to convince a few Philosophy geeks that I am actually much dumber than I really am. That evening was to be what everyone considered the premier event, the reception party. I had previously imagined a philosophy conference as one of the only places in the world where a blank stare would be considered a good answer. On the contrary, those people never shut the f\$%\* up. At the reception I sat picking up bits and pieces of conversations; one philosophy guy was discussing the possibility of a

negative (as in numerical value) person.....I didn't belong here. I knew this. But there was hope for me yet, a rumour was going around about a house party afterwards. Finally territory I could identify with. We stepped through the door of a house in a middle class Saskatoon neighborhood and into a crack house. The whole place reeked of illegal activity. The furniture was old and more disgusting even than what we have at my own house. The corners of every room were filling with shit, and the shag carpet wasn't doing a good job of concealing the years of neglect it had seen. And suspiciously out of place amongst the ruins was a several thousand dollar entertainment system. In addition to this there were two minors present - I don't know what they had taken but they were in a kind of distress that I

had never experienced. It was in these surroundings that the purpose for my being there became obvious. Craig and I were lurking around in the basement when we came across a work of art. A portrait, that bears an uncanny likeness to myself. We took it. It was a little strange/frightening finding a portrait of myself in a basement in Saskatoon but I learned to deal with it. When the owner saw it she was so overwhelmed with the likeness that she gave it to me (it is now in my living room). We managed to sleep through most of the lectures on Sunday, my traveling companions (Jeremy Widemen, and Fraulein Jenny) and myself decided to get a head start on the drive home. This was the first conference I had ever attended and it afforded me a very rich experience. One that I recommend to everybody. If you're interested in the Underground Philosophy Club and it's exciting adventures, talk to Jenny or check us out at the club fair on Feb. 3.

## SA Operations Committee Hits Half-Way Mark

*-Transition keeps committee on its toes-*

The Students' Association Operations Committee has been very busy this year particularly with the tasks related to the transition with the University of Alberta. Operations primary goal is to undertake a smooth transition into the U of A Students' Union, a process that desires to minimize challenges that will be encountered in the future. It is the intent of the SA is to have as much autonomy over its affairs while recognizing the provisions granted to the Students' Union under the Universities Act. To avoid potential hardships after the merger, Operations is taking the

opportunity now to review SA practices and policies. In making amendments now, the SA attempts to assure a smoother transition and more prosperous future. As such, the Operations committee has been focusing on a new Fee policy that replaces our current fee bylaw. This policy includes new budgeting procedures and gives Council discretionary powers over the membership fee. In the past, a system of tri-annual referendums set the fee structure and the budget. With the new policy, the needs of the organization will be assessed annually and changes can be made immediately as opposed to waiting to the next referendum. The intent is for the SA to become more responsive to short and long-term goals and needs. This year the SA

drafted a five-year tentative budget to serve as a template for the organization in the years to come. The new fee structure is also more reflective of actual SA spending. In brief, the fee structure is divided into Fixed Costs (wages and bursaries), General Operating Costs (promotions and marketing, conferences, office supplies), Media (DAG and Yearbook), Activities (Bashes, Clubs, Formal), Grants/Scholarships (Grants given to individual students and groups and the Weight Room) and an Investment Fund which will be used by the SA to attain the long-term goals and sustainability of the organization. No longer included in the fee structure are the Radio Station and Capital Development. The investment required to

make the radio a viable operation is substantial and does not guarantee that there will be justifiable student interest in the future. Originally, the \$17 Capital development fee had been intended for Students' Association capital development and for the long-term stability of the organization. The money was, however, given as a donation to the school. This was to be a one time donation, however the money has never been re-allocated to SA sustainability. We have given over \$275,000 to the institution over the last two decades. We have now reached a point where we must make decisions for the future instead of operating on a year-to-year basis. We will propose in our referendum in March

that the Association revert Capital Development back to its original intent, that being the benefit and long term sustainability of the ASA. As well, the new budgeting procedure includes year-round student involvement and will hopefully encourage students to become informed about the goings-on of the SA.

This fee policy will be presented by the SA through the Operations committee during the Election campaign this March.

Any questions can be directed to  
saexecutivevp@augustana.ca  
or  
sapresident@augustana.ca  
or by phone at 679-1541.

**DID YOU KNOW...**  
that women blink  
nearly twice as  
frequently as men

here's some stuff we like and we think you should too. If you'd like to contribute to the next entertainment page, email us at [daglistals@hotmail.com](mailto:daglistals@hotmail.com)

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## Music to DRIVE to

Mix tapes/CDs are really the way to go when planning a road trip, particularly a long one with a few passengers. A good mix tape will keep you on your toes, and if you're careful when you're making it, it won't piss off everyone else in the car. That being said, most people seem to like BAD music - so pick your travel mates carefully and BE CONSIDERATE. Let the driver have the power of veto for obvious reasons, but try to let everyone have some say both in what you listen to and the volume. (And remember, it's always ten times louder in the back seat than in the front!) Here's just a few tunes that we think should make it into everyone's travel soundtrack. Enjoy!

#### Jenny's Picks:

The Shins-"New Slang" Oh, Inverted World  
Gord Downie - "Chancellor" Coke Machine  
Glow

Jack Johnson - "Taylor"

The Kinks - "Waterloo Sunset" and "Lola"

Broken Social Scene - "Stars and Sons"

You Forgot it in People

Spoon - "Anything You Want" Girls Can Tell

Red Hot Chili Peppers - "Soul 2 Squeeze"

#### Brad's Picks:

Golden Earring - "Radar Love"

Whitesnake - "Once Bitten, Twice Shy"

Billy Idol - "White Wedding"

Pumò's Picks: ...I'm deaf...

-uhhh... the Indiana Jones sound track.

## WHAT TO READ

Author of Into the Wild and The Road



### DREAMS

Author of Into the Wild and The Road

Author of Into the Wild and The Road

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Eiger' dreams is a collection of Jon Krakauer's best articles from Outside magazine. In it you will find a wealth of knowledge collected by someone who has led the life that all outdoor enthusiasts dream of. From the Devils Thumb in

Alaska, to being tent bound. You will be able to live vicariously through Jon Krakauer's writing style and incredible story telling. I say it's a real good read, so go and pick it up. - Brad Heron

### TOM ROBBINS

Feirce Invalids Home From Hot Climates



rambling, the tale and our protagonist wander seemingly far, far away from where they ought to be. But it all comes around in the end, with (as expected in a Robbins story) events from opposite ends of the earth having tremendous influence on each other. Also, as expected, we're presented with some universal truths, not the least of which is the secret to true happiness, delivered from the beak of a parrot.

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Tom Robbins is AMAZING. - Jenny Lyseng

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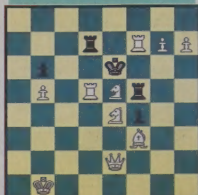
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# THE ADVENTURE PAGE

## Chess Mind Bender



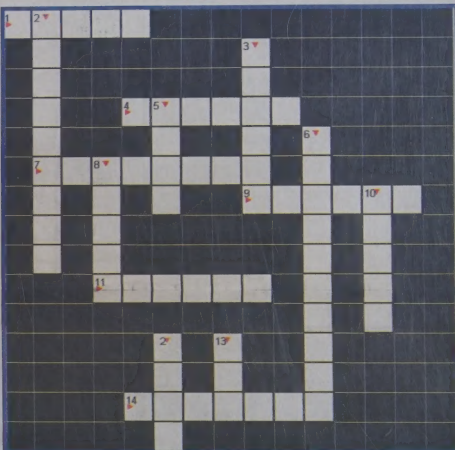
White to move and mate in 2 moves,

### Solution

1. d2-e3  
2. d3-e4  
3. d4-e5  
4. d5-e6  
5. d6-e7  
6. d7-e8  
7. d8-e9  
8. d9-e10  
9. d10-e11  
10. d11-e12  
11. d12-e13

....Well some adventure...

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE



### Across

1. Capital of Egypt
4. Indiana Jones and the \_\_\_\_\_ of Doom.
5. Direction or heading.
7. Buried \_\_\_\_\_.
11. Thugs, criminals of the sea.

### Down

2. This issue of the dag, the \_\_\_\_\_ issue
3. Another word for canyon
6. Lost city of \_\_\_\_\_.
8. Middle Eastern country.
9. The English name for a particular river in China, a color.
10. Vast body of water.
12. Indiana Jones and the Temple of \_\_\_\_\_
13. A chart
14. Every ship has one.



ADVENTURER OF THE MONTH  
Ladies control yourselves



## Ask The Psychic

Alright, so we had the fantastic idea of going to the mini psychic fair that was held at the senior's centre mid-January to finally get some concrete answers with regards to the future of Augustana. Alas, the Dag does not have a budget to speak of, and all the real psychics charge \$50-\$100 for a reading. They must be really really psychic. So, we found our very own Psychic and offered her a box in the Dag office to live in and now she gives us tarot readings in exchange for Caramilks and grape pop. Here's what she had to say about the future of Augustana:

**jenny:** What does the future have in store for Augustana?

**Psychic:** *It's all here in the cards... I see the Wheel of Fortune... that means this is a time of great action and consequence... very interesting....*

**jenny:** YEAH! There's a proposed merger between Augustana and the U of A... amazing... what else do you see?

**Psychic:** *I see here, in the Seven of Swords, many problems... yes, those in charge are creating many problems for themselves. They should not feel guilty for their obligations. They should remain true to their nature.*

**jenny:** Like, wow, man... you mean, like how we want to keep Augustana independent, keep the chapel's influence and the small class sizes and stuff?

**Psychic:** *Yes, yes... the Four of Wands in the last position tells me that once their ideas are firmly established there will be much cause to celebrate... I see exciting times ahead....*

**jenny:** Thanks, Psychic. That was the best psychic reading ever! Now get back in your box.

Send any questions you have for our Psychic to [dag@digtail.com](mailto:dag@digtail.com), with "ask the psychic" in the subject line. And remember, if she doesn't work she doesn't eat! so ask questions!! Save a psychic today!!

## Horoscopes

**Aries (Mar 21 - April 20)** - Love, passion, romance and beauty are in this stars this month. For everyone except you, it seems. Keep your chin up and your pants on.

**Taurus (April 21 - May 21)** - You'll be confused at first when mid 90's soft rock plays when you're making hard decisions and Barry White fills your ears when you're sexually aroused but eventually you'll accept that someone has put a soundtrack to your life.

**Gemini (May 22 - June 21)** - Set your superbrain to thinking about this dilemma this month: 2 men, 3 women, 1 condom, 3 dogs, and no reality TV cameras on the scene.

**Cancer (June 22 - July 22)** - The only way to avoid the most amusing death in history - involving a long trip, a three-legged duck and a fifty gallon tank of tabasco sauce is to not move from your bed all month.

**Leo (July 23 - Aug 22)** - Your sexual exploits will resemble a broken toaster this month - not enough heat, more dangerous than useful, and, of course, finished far too quickly.

**Virgo (Aug 23 - Sept 23)** - If you're so smart, how come someone's stealing your wallet as you read this? Daydreaming is fine, but keep your damn eyes open this month!

**Libra (Sept 24 - Oct 23)** - The term "ass backwards" will take on a whole new meaning for you following a botched colonoscopy.

**Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22)** - Everything will seem like it's crashing down on you as your life begins to spin out of control this month. Take comfort in the fact that you're not a Psych major. If you ARE a psych major, you should try smoking pot. A lot.

**Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21)** - The stars say a lot about your future, but they also form the shape of a kitty cat, which is way cuter.

**Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 20)** - You've probably been feeling pretty shitty lately, health-wise. It won't get better this month. Make friends with a Psych major.

**Aquarius (Jan 21 - Feb 19)** - No matter what kind of fix you might get yourself into this month, sending a cat in after a gerbil is a bad idea.

**Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20)** - You're pretty apathetic as it is, and this month is no exception. You might want to indulge in emotion or decision-making once in a while, just to prove to yourself that you're still alive.



while on an SA funded beach vacation, Jeremy Wideman comes to terms with the omniscience of the Dag staff

